

American
JUNIOR RED CROSS
April 1935 **NEWS** *"I Serve"*



MOCHI

PAPER CUT-OUT BY UGO MOCHI



Rowing to Church in Dalecarlia Sweden

ANDERS ZORN

Dalecarlia, where the peasants still wear the picturesque costumes of their ancestors, was the birthplace of the great Swedish painter, Anders Zorn. Though he traveled widely throughout Europe and the Near East, he always loved to paint the robust peasant girls of his native province

The Teacher's Guide

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The April News in the School

The Classroom Index

Citizenship:

"Juniors Lose a Friend," "The New Chairman," "Daniel Boone and the Long Hunters"

General Science:

"London's 'Please Touch Me' Museum." Recent references of interest in connection with this feature are "Our Slave, Electricity," in the March News and "Transportation throughout the Ages" in the February News. The Committee on Materials of Instruction, American Council on Education, 3835 Kimbark Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, publishes a series of pamphlets, costing from ten to twenty cents each, written for children. The titles are: *The Story of Writing*, *The Story of Numbers, Weights and Measures*, *The Story of our Calendar*, *Telling Time throughout the Centuries*, and *Rules of the Road*. These were reviewed in past issues of the TEACHER'S GUIDE.

An activity suggested by the story of the London Museum is that of making a similar exhibit in the school, with each class constructing posters or models to illustrate in a small way some one phase of man's growing control of nature.

Geography:

Africa—"Tal, the Peacemaker"

Germany—"Easter Gifts"

Lithuania—"The Program Picture" (Editorials)

Sweden—"Rowing to Church" (Frontispiece)

Switzerland—"Spring Festival in Zurich"

United States—"Saralee's Passover" might be a story from many other countries, as the Jewish festival is essentially the same throughout the world. The famous story of the first Passover is told in the twelfth chapter of Exodus. This story of Saralee reminds us of the same author's "Harvest Festival in Solomon's Day," published in the News, November, 1933.

"Daniel Boone and the Long Hunters," "Correspondents of the Southwest"

Other Countries—"Juniors in Other Lands"

Primary Grades:

"Easter Gifts"

Reading:

1. What does the Passover Feast of the Hebrews commemorate? 2. What United States traditions enable us to understand ideals symbolized in the Jewish Passover?

1. Which exhibit in the London Museum would you most enjoy touching? 2. Build a simple exhibit to illustrate primitive man's mastery of some phase of nature.

1. What started the legend that bunnies bring Easter eggs? 2. Play that you are Easter bunnies who will bring Easter pleasure to some group of children or old people.

1. Under how many Presidents did Judge John Barton Payne serve as Chairman of the American Red Cross? 2. Why do you think he was happy in his work with the Red Cross?

1. What led Daniel Boone to risk escaping from the

Indians? 2. Ask your grandparents to tell you some pioneer story in your own family.

1. Who is the new Chairman of the American Red Cross? 2. Tell your parents about him.

1. What gave the Junior Red Cross its real start in Lithuania? How have American members helped with Junior Red Cross projects in the Baltic states?

1. How did Tal finally save his tribe from war? 2. Why was peace better than war for the tribe?

1. What do you consider most interesting about the life of the Zunis? of the Navajos? 2. Tell what you know about the government work for the Indians.

1. Which Easter activity reported do you think is most interesting? 2. In which of your own Easter plans are you most interested?

1. Which of the activities of Juniors in other lands do you consider most important? 2. Report these activities at a school assembly or Junior Red Cross Council meeting.

Keeping Program Pictures and Stories

When the class has finished with the activity suggestions for the year, a committee of pupils may be appointed to clip the PROGRAM pictures and mount them with the stories that have been published every month explaining the pictures. Perhaps the boys can make a cabinet so that these pictures may be kept for reference material from year to year. One school made such a cabinet from cheese boxes enameled in artistic colors. Hat boxes or shoe boxes covered are also useful, though less durable than a wood cabinet.

Convention Topics

The topics announced for discussion by Junior delegates at the National Red Cross Convention may be used in County Rally programs.

These are:

1. Junior Red Cross Councils

a. How to organize an effective Council

b. How to keep it alive

c. How to arouse the interest of the student body

d. Use of the Junior Red Cross RECORD Book

2. Use of magazines and other materials

a. In the classroom and social studies

b. In the Council meeting and the library

c. Ways of calling to the attention of the student body

3. How to build a good local program

a. Trying to help in the right way

b. Some successful local projects

4. Red Cross Courses in First Aid, Life Saving, and Home

Hygiene and Care of the Sick

5. Cooperation with the Red Cross Chapter for disaster preparedness

6. Sharing in national and international projects through the National Children's Fund. This discussion will be followed by presentation of checks for the Fund. Only the total of all funds raised will be announced. The amount of individual contributions will not be announced.

7. International school correspondence

a. What do we get out of international school correspondence?

b. What shall be put into it?

8. Suggestions for new projects. Every delegation is invited to come with definite suggestions written out to deposit in a Suggestion Box.

Developing Program Activities for April

A Classroom Index of Activities

Arithmetic:

Reports on the Junior Red Cross Service Fund for the year showing the good accomplished, a circulating library to replenish the Fund, individual work

Auditorium:

A summary of Junior Red Cross service for the year, talks or a dramatic skit prepared for the County Rally, reports on the County Rally, or the National Convention

Composition:

Letters to Red Cross headquarters offices about the use of the Junior Red Cross PROGRAM activities in your school, with suggestions and plans for next year, talks on topics to be discussed at the National Convention (see page 1), an original puppet play or other dramatic skit on Junior Red Cross service (see page 3), letters for school correspondence, a reference index of school correspondence received

Citizenship:

Plans for a town-rural partnership and a county-wide accident prevention campaign, election of new officers for the Junior Red Cross Council

Handicraft:

Exhibit for a County Rally, a doll house for a children's home

Nature Study:

Bird and flower posters, May baskets, garden seed

Primary Grades:

Bird and flower posters, a doll house

Election of Council Officers

Council officers, elected this month, can be introduced at the May Council meeting by outgoing officers and thus be ready to take hold of the work without a break in the fall. During the summer the new officers will have a chance to study their jobs, to confer with sponsors and the Junior Red Cross Chairman, and to make a plan for the meetings in the fall months. The offices should be divided between boys and girls, if possible, as both are needed if the program is to have a live appeal to all groups of students in the school.

If there is a county rally, the officers who have served during the present year should attend as representatives to make reports; and the officers elected for next year should attend in order to learn the broader phases of the work and to profit by the inspiration that comes from such a gathering.

An Exhibit for a County Rally

Miss Jane Rupert, teacher of No. 4 School, Rock Township, Cherokee County, Iowa, sent an interesting description of a Junior Red Cross exhibit that placed first at the County Fair and the State Fair. The report is quoted because of its helpfulness.

"During the school year we had a very active Junior Red Cross organization in our one-room rural school and held Council meetings regularly during the entire year. We held our meetings according to parliamentary rule, with our president presiding and our secretary calling roll and keeping minutes. After the club, the secretary copied the minutes in our Red Cross notebook. It was the duty of one member to mount the PROGRAM picture for each month in this same book after we had finished that month. Besides the minutes and the PROGRAM pictures, we pasted at the first of our book our Junior Red Cross roll, cut from the first page of our Junior Red Cross PROGRAM and mounted it in our book for permanent keeping.

We also pasted in it many snapshots of our school, officers, our members, and our club activities.

"During the entire year we all tried to keep in mind that the most important aim of Junior Red Cross work is service. For that reason we had a sacrifice box into which members put a penny or pennies whenever they felt that they really wanted to. No one knew what the other person gave, but as the year went by we got so many pennies that we had to make another and larger box to hold them all.

"At the Christmas season, we decided to make Christmas gifts. Again we turned to the Junior Red Cross magazine for ideas, nor were we disappointed. We found a tiny picture of a calendar that Juniors elsewhere had made. So we decided to borrow that idea, using oilcloth instead of linoleum as they had done. A picture was drawn free-hand for the pattern, and the Juniors cooperated in making the calendars, the smaller members doing the easier parts and the larger ones the harder.

"In order to correlate our Junior activities with our art work, we made Red Cross posters. The pupil himself planned his poster and then constructed it.

"At the end of the year we decided to exhibit at the County Fair, as specimens of our Red Cross work, a collection of these various projects. On a large placard we mounted our best Red Cross poster in the upper left-hand corner, the calendar which we made for Christmas gifts in the lower left-hand corner, and in the upper right-hand corner our sacrifice box, one picture of our officers and one picture of all of the club members. In the lower right-hand corner we placed our Red Cross notebook for the entire year. That was the poster that placed first at the State Fair and the County Fair both."

For Reference

THE BOOK OF ZOOGRAPHY, by Raymond L. Ditmars, maps by Helene Carter. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. 1934. \$2.00.

As cleverly as the title marries two words, the book combines a visit to the zoo or the circus with a study of geography. The size is that of a picture book or geography. The illustrations are gayly colored, accurately drawn maps with pictures of animals grazing, stalking, or climbing trees. Chapters deal with animals native to the United States and Mexico; Canada, Greenland and Alaska; the Arctic and Antarctic regions; Central America; South America; Europe; North Africa and Arabia; South Africa and Madagascar; India and Ceylon; Malay Peninsula and Sumatra; Borneo, Java and Celebes; Australia and Tasmania; Japan; China, Tibet, Mongolia and Siberia. A stroll through the pages may make the best menagerie seem incomplete, for some of the types pictured are too rare to be found in captivity.

More than one thousand kinds of animals can live in the United States because of our range of climate. There are interesting relationships among the animal inhabitants of different continents, but Australasia has types that are different from those found anywhere else on the face of the earth. Facts such as these are expanded in the text.

Young children can learn much from the picture maps. The text is in the style of a reference book and better suited for intermediate than for younger grades. On the classroom or library reading table the book is likely to be popular with any age; and many youngsters will learn geography painlessly while working up class reports on "zoography."

In connection with the Junior Red Cross program the book will extend the interest of school correspondence albums received from other places and will suggest a fund of material to use in making albums about animals native to the children's own sections.

Junior Red Cross Conferences

NOT only in the United States but in other countries, Junior Red Cross conferences are becoming popular. It is interesting to know of these, and some of them may hold suggestions that can be adapted to our own county rallies or other conferences. In a bulletin of the League of Red Cross Societies, a conference in Poland is described:

In Poland

"Junior groups in Warsaw had the pleasure in June of visiting Spala, the summer residence of the President of the Republic, situated at 100 kilometers from Warsaw in the center of a magnificent forest. More than 5,000 Juniors assembled at Spala. After enjoying themselves in the forest, they slept in quarters specially prepared for them. The next day, all the children paraded solemnly before the President, the President's wife, and their suite. Each Circle was preceded by its flag. Two orchestras, composed of Juniors, played continuously. Many girls wore the national costume, which gave a picturesque note to the march past.

"The President, after listening to a report on the Polish Junior Red Cross, visited the exhibition of school correspondence albums and school work installed close to the house. He talked a great deal to the children, asking numerous questions and displaying great interest in all that concerned the organization and the activities carried on by the Polish Junior Red Cross Circles."

In Bulgaria

Junior Red Cross members of Bulgaria were enabled through a grant from the National Children's Fund to hold a national conference in the city of Rousse. Eighty-nine delegates attended, about half from village schools and half from the city of Rousse. The Director of the Bulgarian Junior Red Cross wrote about it as follows:

"The conference was opened very solemnly. After the church service a big parade was arranged of all delegates, decorated with Red Cross bands on their arms and heads. The parade was headed by the students' orchestra, the school directors, the teacher-leaders of Junior groups, and the guests. After the parade the conference was opened in the Theatre Hall by His Grace Archbishop Michael—President of the Rousse Chapter of the Red Cross Society. Through this an emphasis was laid upon the bond existing between the Junior Section and the National Red Cross Society. Greetings were extended by the Superintendent of Gymnasium Education at the Ministry of Public Instruction, who is at the same time a member of the Executive Committee of the Junior Red Cross, by the Director of the Junior Section, the Governor of the Rousse District, the directors of the city Gymnasiums, representatives of the teachers' organizations, the Athletic organization, and the women's associations in the city. The members of the conference committee, consisting of Juniors from the upper classes of the Rousse Gymnasiums, accepted the greetings and extended a vote of thanks.

"The subjects were excellently treated by all speakers, and the discussions on them were quiet, tolerant and carried with mutual respect."

All the delegates took part in the discussions, which were introduced by papers on the following topics:

1. What the present activity of the Juniors of the Gym-

nasium is in the line of hygiene and health education, and how to strengthen this activity—a girl of the sixth class

2. How to collect funds for the various activities of the Junior groups—a seventh class boy

3. The relation of the Junior Red Cross to the Red Cross Society—an eighth class girl

4. How to keep the Juniors closer to the Red Cross after graduation—a seventh class boy

5. International and interschool correspondence and its meaning—a seventh class boy

6. Prizes and encouragement of active members and Junior groups as a means for propaganda—an eighth class girl

7. Free canteen for poor pupils as an activity of the groups—a seventh class boy

8. The Junior Red Cross and the moral corruption of youth—an eighth class boy

9. Where there is no health there is no joy—an eighth class girl

"The discussions were followed by walks throughout the town with the purpose of getting acquainted with the prominent places, the parks, and the promenade along the Danube River. For the out-of-town delegates and for all the members of the conference there was a common dining room arranged in one of the first class restaurants in town. The behavior of the delegates during the meals made an excellent impression upon the people. Everywhere the Juniors went around with an air of dignity, which gained for them the respect of the people. The most typical thing about the conference is the fact that the Juniors felt that the conference was their own affair; they organized it and carried it through with efficiency and dignity.

"Stimulated by what they saw and heard the delegates went back with their spirits high and with promises to consecrate themselves with a greater love to the Junior Red Cross cause. With the same enthusiasm they have made reports to the respective groups, which sent them as delegates. Most of the delegates have been elected from the lower classes of the Gymnasiums and from the second classes of the Progymnasiums; thus all of them will continue their studies in the same schools helping along the work.

"With a special circular letter the Ministry of Public Instruction announced the conference and allowed a five day leave for all attending it, three days for the conference work and two days for traveling. The sum of \$260 was spent for this conference."

An Original Dramatic Skit

The Junior Red Cross representatives of Alpena, Michigan, prepared an interesting dialogue for presentation at the Red Cross Regional Conference at Battle Creek. Part of it is given here as an example of a simple dramatization such as many classes can work out showing the local program.

Characters—Mildred, President of a Junior Red Cross Council

Annabelle—her friend

Time—Afternoon

Place—A Red Cross Chapter Office

[Enter Mildred]

Mildred—Now to get my work done. I must finish that Red Cross report tonight. [She removes coat and hat. Sits at the table and starts writing. Suddenly a hat is tossed in.]

Mildred—Well, look what the wind blew in!

Annabelle [entering]—It's an ill wind that blows no one any good. What are you doing?

(Continued on page 4)

Fitness for Service for April

Care of the Eyes

A BULLETIN published by the League of Red Cross Societies gives excellent suggestions for conservation of sight.

"The eye may be compared to the dark chamber of a camera, in which the images are formed on this sensitive plate which is the retina. On the outside the eye is protected by two lids fringed with eyelashes.

"Never rub your eyes with your hands, even if they seem to be clean. You irritate the lids and risk bringing the germs of illness into your eyes. What makes illness of this organ so serious is the fact that by 'sympathy' inflammation of one eye often spreads to the other.

"Sometimes the lids are red and inflamed if you have had a long ride in an open car. Sometimes also there are particles of dust on the eyelids which become very painful. To wash the eyelids and the eyes, take an eye cup, or simply an egg cup, fill it with boiled water to which a pinch of salt or boric acid has been added. Put the cup on the table, apply your eye to it so that it touches the water, and open and shut the eyelids several times.

"If when you are playing you get something in your eye, take care you do not rub it; let the tears run; they often take the foreign body with them. If the pain continues, pull gently on the eyelids in order to examine carefully the white of the eye. If you see the object on the surface, try to take it off with the rolled corner of a clean handkerchief. If it is stuck to the inside of the upper eyelid, pull it over the lower lid to make the grain of dust or the fly stick on to the lower eyelashes. If that doesn't succeed, take a thin pencil, press it against the eyelid, which you pull gently and turn back over the pencil. If the object is there, take it away quickly.

"If you do not succeed in removing the foreign body, which is nevertheless visible, close the eye, bandage it with a folded handkerchief and go to a doctor at once. Sometimes people get tiny stones in their eyes, or little pieces of iron or glass, which only the doctor can remove without hurting the eye. If the eye is very painful, drop a little olive oil in and bandage lightly.

"If a piece of mortar or lime gets into the eye, take it out at once and wash quickly with a solution of water and vinegar, about a coffee-spoonful to a cup of water. The vinegar will counteract the burning of the lime.

"When you are scrambling among the bushes in a game of hide and seek, protect your eyes with your hands. While playing, don't wildly wave sticks and pointed or sharp objects close to your companions. Often terrible accidents to sight are due to the carelessness of children.

"If you suffer from eye fatigue, or do not see things accurately, do not delay going to the oculist. By wearing glasses you will avoid tiring your eyes, the shortsightedness will not increase much, and you will no longer mistake figures and letters.

"Certain simple precautions also help in avoiding fatigue to the eyes. For instance, you should not read holding the book exposed to the sun, nor in a poor light. When you write, try to receive the light, from the side, and preferably over the left shoulder, so as not to be bothered by the shadow of the hand when writing. Neither should the light be in front of

you, for then the rays reflect from the page directly into the eyes.

"Finally, a correct posture is as favorable to the sight as to the rest of the body. With a little care, you can keep strong sight all your life—a precious gift without which more than half the good in life is lost."

(Continued from page 3)

Mildred—Oh, some Red Cross work.

Annabelle—Will you ever stop doing that Red Cross work? [*Crosses to shelf and picks up a jar of pears.*] Oh, you're going to treat me! I just love pears.

Mildred—I see where some one is going to be disappointed. The pears are for the Red Cross.

Annabelle—Red Cross? What in the world does the Red Cross want with a jar of pears?

Mildred—They were put up by the cooking classes under the auspices of the Red Cross and were sent to the Alpena Social Service Center.

[*In the meantime Annabelle walks back to table and picks up a slip of paper.*]

Annabelle—And just what is this?

Mildred—My notes for—

Annabelle—Oh, probably for Red Cross. [*with scorn.*] What do you mean by "Children's dresses, Battle Creek Hospital, the Navy, the Blind School, canning, and a portfolio?"

Mildred—Don't be in such a hurry and I'll tell you. The dresses were made in sewing classes and sent to the Social Service, just as the canned goods were. We made table decorations for the veterans at the Battle Creek Hospital. At Christmas we made menu covers to go to the Navy boys, because they couldn't go home. To the blind children we sent Brailled books with attractive covers. And the portfolio came from the Philippine Islands!

Annabelle [*stunned*—What have you ever had to do with those people?

Mildred—We correspond regularly with them. This is the latest one from them. What do you think of them? [*They examine the book, making remarks of delight and surprise.*]

Annabelle [*Sinking back in chair*—Why didn't you tell me you did such interesting things? You might even get me interested.

Mildred—For the simple reason that you always were "too busy."

Annabelle—Is that pin for Red Cross workers?

Mildred—Yes, it's given to each member for performing some service.

Annabelle—Well, I—well, I think maybe the colors of your badge might look nice on me.

Mildred—What do you mean?

Annabelle—Just this—I want to be a member. Isn't there something I can do?

Mildred—Do you really mean it? Oh, I'm so glad. Turn around now, so I can pin this on you. There.

Annabelle—Now, may I go to work right away?

Mildred—Oh, indeed! I have work for you in the next room. Help me carry these things out. You take the pears. Come on!

Annabelle—I'm coming!

[*Both leave*]



Saralee's Passover

DOROTHY F. ZELIGS

Illustrations by Todros Geller



SARALEE rubbed vigorously at the old brass candlesticks and smiled to see them so bright and shining. Polishing them was a special privilege for they always graced the table on the eve of the Sabbath and of all the festivals. They had been in the home as long as Saralee could remember, having belonged to her grandmother and great-grandmother. Tonight, the old candlesticks must look their very best, for it was the eve of Passover, one of the most important festivals of the year. So Saralee gave them an extra rub-rub-rub.

Then she stood up, straightened out the crink in her back, and sniffed with pleasure at the smell of lilacs that floated in through the open window. Spring, and with it the Passover holiday! No wonder Saralee felt happy. It was the holiday which celebrated the release of the Israelites from the cruel slavery they had suffered in Egypt. As spring marked the beginning of new life on earth, so Passover signified the beginning of a new life for the Hebrews.

The story of Moses and how he led his followers to freedom had always been a favorite with Saralee. She liked to picture Moses walking among his unhappy people, comforting them. She liked to imagine him as he appeared before Pharaoh and pleaded for their release. Especially, she loved the story of their dramatic flight and the miraculous crossing of the Red Sea. But Passover was more than a story. It was a joyous holiday which heralded its coming far in advance. On some morning when there was a touch of spring in the air, Saralee's mother would say in a tone of sur-

prise, "Do you know that there are only four weeks to Passover! We must start our spring cleaning at once." The siege of painting, papering, and cleaning that set in always seemed a special preparation for this festival. So, today, there was a new linoleum on the kitchen floor and new draperies in the living room.

The morning had been exciting. Aunts, uncles, and cousins arrived for the family reunion which always took place at the Passover season. They all came to Saralee's home, for grandmother and grandfather lived here.

Like all Jewish holidays, Passover began at sunset. In the evening, the whole family would gather around the table for the Seder (Sä-der) which was the outstanding event of the festival. Saralee looked forward with great delight to the Seder, for then the meaning of Passover was made clear through interesting ceremonies, stories, and songs. The Seder always ended with a big dinner at which special delicacies were served.

Saralee heard her mother's voice calling her little brother who was playing in the back yard. "Joseph, hurry and take your

bath. You will find your new suit laid out on the bed. It is getting late and you must go to the synagogue with father. Saralee, come here. I need your help." Saralee hurried into the large kitchen where delicious odors of cooking filled the air.

"Mother, did you notice that some new people moved into the house next door?" Saralee asked.

"I'm afraid I haven't had time to be very neighborly this week," answered Mrs. Martin



Saralee liked to picture Moses as he led his followers to freedom



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Grandfather chanted a prayer over his goblet

regretfully. "The only person I saw was a rather tall, fine-looking gentleman. I haven't seen any women around the place."

"Mother, I just can't wait till the Seder begins tonight. But why is it called a Seder?"

"Seder means 'order of service.' All the ceremonies must be done in a special order. I do hope Mary Ann is setting the table properly. There are so many special things to put on, I'm afraid she'll make mistakes."

"Are we going to set an extra chair and a goblet of wine for Elijah, the Prophet?"

"Surely. That is an old and beautiful custom."

"Mother, when the time comes to open the door for him, do you think he might really come in? I know he probably won't, but do you think he might?"

Mother smiled at Saralee's eager little face. "Perhaps," she said softly.

"But mother, why do people always think of Elijah on Passover?"

"He is regarded as the Prophet of the Redemption. Passover is the time when we were redeemed from slavery. There is a story that at some time, Elijah will return on Passover Eve and redeem his people again by bringing them back to the Holy Land. But, tonight, at the Seder, will be the time for these questions, Saralee. Run out and cut some fresh flowers for the table now. Then you must get dressed—in your new dress, of course. The sun is setting; so I must light the candles now."

An hour later, a merry group came home from the synagogue. "A joyous holiday. A joyous holiday," they cried in greeting. Grandfather put his hands on each one's head and blessed him. Grandmother was looking radiantly happy at having all her family around her. She wore her best white shawl of fine old lace. There was a beautiful light in her eyes.

They all gathered around the table. Grand-

father picked up his goblet of wine and chanted a prayer over it before raising it to his lips. They all followed his example. Saralee was a bit disappointed to find grape juice in hers. She had hoped that this year mother would consider her old enough to have wine.

And now Joseph, as the youngest in the family, had the special privilege of asking the Questions which began the Seder service. It had taken him many hours of

study to learn the difficult Hebrew. So now, with a feeling of pride, he chanted the questions in the quaint old melody that had re-echoed through many centuries of Jewish history. He asked to be told why this night was distinguished from all other nights, why the table was set in this special fashion, with unleavened bread, with wine, with herbs of different kinds, and with other unusual dishes.

The rest of the Seder service would be an answer to his questions. The wondering children at the table were to learn that Passover marked the triumph of freedom over slavery, of right over injustice.

Grandfather picked up a piece of unleavened bread and chanted, "Behold, this is the bread of affliction which our ancestors ate in the land of Egypt. Let all who are hungry come and eat thereof." He broke it and wrapped part in a white linen napkin. With a smile he slipped the little package behind the cushion which had been placed at the back of his chair. The children knew what that smile meant. The last thing to be eaten at the Seder was the unleavened bread in the napkin. It stood for the paschal lamb which the Hebrews ate as a sacrificial meal just before they departed from Egypt. The meal could not be properly concluded without that piece of matzo. There was a jolly custom that any child who could manage to get hold of that precious little package and keep it hidden until the end of the Seder might demand a gift for its return. Slipping it from behind grandfather's back was not the chief difficulty. One could just get up to whisper something in his ear and he wouldn't even notice. Keeping it from the other children was harder. Saralee, and Joseph, and half a dozen of the others had already made up their minds what gift they were going to ask.

The Seder proceeded in a happy yet serious spirit. Mr. Martin described how, many years

ago, the Children of Israel were slaves in the land of Egypt. In memory of those bitter times, everyone solemnly partook of the bitter herbs on the table. Then grandfather passed around a dish containing a mixture of a reddish-brown color. It was made of chopped almonds and apples mixed with cinnamon and a little wine, and served as a reminder of the mortar and brick with which the Hebrews had been forced to work. Mr. Martin then told of how the Hebrews at last won their way to freedom. In their haste they did not even have time to wait for the dough in their bread-troughs to rise, so they baked them unleavened in the sun. For this reason, unleavened bread was eaten during the Passover festival, which lasted eight days.

"And now, Joseph," his grandfather said, "please get up and open the door as a sign of welcome for Elijah the Prophet."

Saralee sat up attentively at these words. A hush of childlike expectancy hung over the table as Joseph held open the door. Saralee peeped into Elijah's cup to see if the wine was growing less. Suddenly footsteps were heard coming up the front walk, and for a moment even the grown-ups looked startled. A tall, fine-looking man with iron-gray hair and a short, pointed beard, walked through the door which Joseph held open. The children gazed at him with a thrill of awe. Had Elijah the Prophet really appeared?

But Mrs. Martin was walking toward him with a smile of recognition and welcome. "I believe you are our new neighbor," she said cordially. "Do come in and join us."

"You must forgive me for interrupting your Seder," he said in a gentle voice. "But I was lonely on this holiday night and the sight of your festive lights was more than I could resist."

"You may sit in Elijah's chair," Mrs. Martin said, leading him to the table.

"We welcome you in the spirit of this festival," grandfather greeted him. "Hospitality has ever been closely linked with Passover, for we were strangers in the land of Egypt." Do we not say, 'Let all who are hungry come and eat'? And the hunger for companionship is as great a need as the hunger for bread."

The new guest told several stories relating to Passover, and delighted the children by asking them questions about the meaning of the festival. "Where does the name 'Pass-over' come from?" he asked Saralee suddenly.

"I know," she answered quickly. "When the Egyptians were punished with the plagues for not letting the Hebrews go, God passed over the homes of the Hebrews and spared them."

"That is the story," he nodded. "But the important thing to remember about Passover is not the tales of miracles. We know little of those mat-
ters. Passover stands for hu-

man freedom. It is a reminder to the Jews that they must never become oppressors, for they themselves had been oppressed. 'And a stranger thou shalt not wrong, neither shalt thou oppress him; for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt.'"

After the dinner was ended, grandfather smilingly reached for the piece of matzo which he had hidden. Of course it was not there.

"Who is the lucky child this year?" he asked. "Let us have the matzo and you may demand the gift." The children looked at one another expectantly, but no one spoke.

"Just a moment," Mrs. Martin intervened. She went up to Joseph who had fallen asleep in his chair. In his lap, his fingers were still clasping tightly the napkin containing the treasured matzo. Mrs. Martin removed it gently. "Joseph will ask for his gift tomorrow," she said.

As Saralee went sleepily to bed, a little later, the merry songs with which the Seder had been concluded were still upon her lips.





London's "Please

CHARLOTTE KETT

WATCHING the wheels go 'round always has its own fascination, but *making* them go 'round is better still. In the Children's Gallery of London's great Science Museum, boys and girls can make the wheels go round to their hearts' content—and find out why. It is one of the best entertainments in town, and it is free.

Everybody knows the old-style museums that bristle with signs "Hands Off" and "Do Not Touch." The Children's Gallery reverses all that. It is one great big invitation to move levers, click switches, turn handles and make things work.

The four walls are lined with "stills" showing man's progress through the ages: the ways he has carried, hauled, traveled, cooked, lighted his towns and made his dishes and tools. Within this frame of "things to see" are the models of "things to do," showing the principles brought into play in this advance.

The simple things come first so that one grasps the movement of men's minds through five centuries in as many minutes. The effect is thrilling. And it is such a wonderfully quick way of learning the how and why of practical things that it is small wonder that all the science teachers who possibly can, take their classes there.

For the most part, however, London children consider this glory-hole their own discovery, and come back week after week by themselves until they have mastered all that it holds.

The exhibits appeal to everyone who enjoys Robinson Crusoe; they speak to the primitive man in us all by giving us a wealth of ideas about how life could go on were all our modern inven-

tions swept away. They bring enrichment to those two great games, "cave man" and "Indians."

Take clocks, for instance—or rather take them away. Then bank clouds in the sky so that sundials are useless, and trees cast no shadow. How then could we mark the passage of time? The clock exhibit tells all about it.

Like the Egyptians, we could bore a hole in a bowl, of the right size to cause the bowl to sink in water twenty-four times between a night and a night. Or we could blow thin-waisted glass vases, fill them with sand enough to run through in a given time, and seal them up, making an hourglass or egg-timer, as we chose. Soon we would begin experimenting with a pendulum, next with wire springs, and there we would be, back with clocks again—first "grandfather" style, then kitchen alarms!

It was at this exhibit of clocks that I saw mischief-makers at work, turning the hour glasses back and forth as if they were dumbbells, not waiting for the sand to run through.

"What about boys who misuse things?" I asked the director. "Why aren't they put out?"

"If two boys misbehave in a group of two hundred, it is those two that one sees," the director observed. "Moreover, any place that invites all the boys and girls of the world's largest city to come and go freely is bound to attract some who will try to 'show off.'"

He is very much opposed to any policy that would discourage the children from coming or from freely choosing the exhibits that interest them most. Then, too, the Children's Gallery is new. The director believes that, given time, it

Touch Me" Museum



will develop its own tradition of behavior.

It is difficult to tell which are the most popular models; naturally a great deal depends on a boy's special interests. The section devoted to lifting makes a universal appeal. It is a simple lesson, quickly learned by manipulating differential, single, double and multiple pulleys, that the less energy you put into the pull, the longer the time required to raise a given weight a given distance.

Next to the pulleys are the jacks, each with its young devotees busy improving their technique in preparation for that longed-for emergency when they will have to change a tire all alone.

In the exhibition of forces, the gadgets to work are more like enchanting toys: treadmills, water-mills, windmills, a small locomotive that crosses a bridge, an airplane that rises when you let air into a wind tunnel to turn its propeller.

Working these things oneself helps one to understand the mechanism so that few explanations are needed. But as most children go through an "age of questions," the museum has had pity on the poor grown-ups and posted "parents' ponies" at suitable points, to help them explain things if asked.

Some of the exhibits, such as the one where you dial a number on the automatic telephone and watch what takes place at the exchange, offer a brief explanation and then direct those specially interested to a more complete display on the same subject in the main body of the museum.

The most beautiful exhibit is a scale model of the *Schauspielhaus* (theater) at Dresden in Germany. The little stage is set simply with columns reaching up toward the sky, but it is equipped with a complete electrical outfit, pro-

viding all possible combinations of color and light. With purple below and blue above, the scene is set for the ghost to walk in Hamlet. Four snaps of the switches, and the same setting is transformed into the outside of an Egyptian palace at mid-day. Snap yellow to red, and you have the same scene at sunset. Another arrangement, and it is dawn in the tropics.

Anyone who could get this exhibit to himself for an hour, could give himself a complete course in stage lighting. But to do so, he would have to disguise himself as a janitor and get in before breakfast, for the little theater always attracts a good crowd.

Another crowd gathers early around the burglar alarm that protects a safe in the wall containing who knows what quantities of ten-cent jewelry. The trick is to reach it without being perceived. But a shaft of infra-red rays guards the treasure and anything passing through them acts as a condenser and sets off an insistent, noisy alarm, and also lights up the word "burglar" in large letters.

A "magic door" that opens as you approach it operates by a similar mechanism. Enterprising four-year-olds discover that they can crawl on hands and knees beneath the invisible cone of rays and so outwit the "magic." Science will hold no terrors for them when they enroll for physics in 1946.

People will ask them how it is that they find the work is so easy. They may wonder themselves, and say, "I don't know; it seems to me I was born knowing all that." Whereas the truth will be that more sunk in than anyone realized when older brothers and sisters dragged them along to the Children's Gallery.



*Judge Payne and a
Junior delegate to the
Red Cross Convention*

Juniors Lose a Friend

Cross at a time when many men feel that they have earned a rest from all business cares. Already he had behind him not only a successful career as a lawyer, but distinguished public service as a judge in Chicago, as head of the United States Shipping Board during the World War, and as Secretary of the Interior in President Wilson's Cabinet. Yet when President Harding asked him in 1921 if he would take the chairmanship of the Red Cross, he said "Yes!" He made a condition, though. He would take it without salary and he would pay all his expenses, even for postage on the thousands of letters he must write and for the thousands of miles he must travel on the far-reaching business of the Red Cross.

WHEN Judge John Barton Payne died on January 24, on the eve of his eightieth birthday, Junior members of the Red Cross everywhere lost a friend. For as Chairman of the American Red Cross and as head of the governing board of the League of Red Cross Societies, he took an interest in the doings of the Juniors of all the world.

He came to be the head of the American Red

For fourteen years Judge Payne put all of himself into his great task. He kept his fingers on everything connected with it. It seemed as if those years were to him the best of all his life. He appeared to feel that he was a lucky man to have this chance to render a service that was nationwide and worldwide. At all times his mind and heart were quick and strong in that service.

Daniel Boone and the Long Hunters

GERTRUDE HARTMAN

IN THE early days of our country, when the land west of the Allegheny Mountains was just beginning to be known, there was living on the banks of the Yadkin River in North Carolina, a boy named Daniel Boone.

Daniel helped with the farm work and tended the cattle, but he was often away from home, in the deep forests, on long hunting trips. From his earliest days he had loved the life in the wilderness with its wild freedom. And as he grew older he became one of the best hunters of the region. Dressed in his buckskin shirt and leggings and shod in moccasins, he sometimes went on journeys of many miles, with only his dog as

companion and his rifle for protection. When night came he would stretch out on a bed of leaves, or sleep in the hollow trunk of a tree.

Daniel soon became wise in the ways of the woods.

A dent on a piece of moss, a broken twig, told him what animal had passed along a path. He could tell the time of day by the position of the sun in the sky, and he could find the points of the compass by the moss on the trees, which always grew thicker on the north side of the trunks. He could screech like an owl, and bleat like a fawn, or howl like a wolf, or gobble-gobble like a wild turkey.

When Boone grew up, he married, and he and his young wife began housekeeping in a one-room log cabin. From the door of his cabin he could see the beautiful ridges of the Allegheny Mountains rising in the west. Few men had



*Long the young
hunters stood, gaz-
ing at the scene be-
fore them*

STATE CAPITAL, KENTUCKY

passed beyond those mountains. Most of the settlers feared the unknown wilderness to the west; but some there were among them who were fond of adventure and who loved the pathless woods. Here and there, all along the frontier, men were venturing into the wilderness to trap, and to trade with the Indians. As these hunters often stayed away from the settlements for months at a time they were called "long hunters."

One day, a hunter and trader named John Finley stopped at the door of Boone's cabin and told him wonderful stories about the beautiful country of Kentucky beyond the mountains, a rich land teeming with wild animals. To reach this hunters' paradise soon became Boone's daily dream. Finley and Boone persuaded four other men to join them on a hunting trip to Kentucky. And on the first of May, 1769, the six adventurers started off on foot, tramping over the ridges in the mountains and through the valleys, following the narrow Indian trails.

At length they reached a high point of land which gave them their first view of Kentucky. On all sides stretched green meadows, sweet with clover. There were birds and animals of all sorts. Herds of buffalo and elk and deer were quietly grazing, and here and there were flocks of wild turkeys. Long the young hunters stood, leaning on their rifles, silently gazing at the scene of loveliness spread out before them.

Boone loved Kentucky so much that it was two years before he returned to his family. After his return the one thought always in his mind was to take them to beautiful Kentucky.

Two years later they bade farewell to their friends and, with other families who joined them on the way, set out on their long journey to the west. The men on foot led the little band. Some of the women walked, others rode horseback, with their children in their laps; the cattle and

the pack-horses with their household goods followed. Boone led the way, following the old route he had found on his earlier hunting trip. He notched the trees—blazing a trail, the backwoodsmen called it—by cutting great gashes in their trunks. The men who followed cut out the worst of the underbrush, thus making a narrow pathway.

So Boone's party pushed on till they reached the place he had picked out as the site for a settlement. The men set to work chopping out a clearing, felling trees, and cutting logs, and soon a log fort, built like many another on the frontier, was rising. It was built in the form of a rectangle, surrounded by a wall twelve feet high, of strong posts, sharpened at the end and driven deep into the ground. The cabins, of which there were thirty, were so built that their backs formed part of the wall. Their roofs were pitched only one way—away from the back walls—so that in case of attack, men could lie on the slope and shoot over the edge. At each corner was a strong, two-story block house. The settlers called their settlement Boonesborough after their leader.

In a short time the fort with its clustering cabins, its animals at pasture, and its crops growing in the fields about, began to look like a real settlement. In the daytime the men went outside the palisade to hunt and tend the corn; the women went to and fro to the spring for water, and the children played about the great swinging gates. But at night all assembled within the stockade.

There was plenty of work to keep everybody busy all day long in the new little settlement. In their tiny cabins the women cooked and made the clothing for the family. They churned butter and made candles and soap, they dried fruits and vegetables and meat for the winter, they did the family washing on the bank of a nearby stream.

The men plowed and planted the vegetables and grain and flax and went hunting for game.

The children also had their duties. The girls helped their mothers about the house and with the spinning and weaving, sewing and knitting. The boys split wood, washed and sheared the sheep, tended the cattle, and helped with the farm work. But what frolics they all had in the evening, when the day's work was over, with singing and dancing, and story-telling, and games!

Several months passed by peacefully, as far as the Indians were concerned. Then one July afternoon Boone's daughter, Jemima, and her friends, Betsy and Fanny Calloway, took one of the boats and started down the river for a row.

The trees and shrubs along the river were thick and came down close to the water's edge. The boat drifted near the shore. Suddenly out sprang five Indians, who seized the girls and carried them off as prisoners.

The absence of the girls was not noticed at Boonesborough until evening. Then an alarm was sounded by a hunter, who had seen their empty boat. Immediately the fort was in a turmoil. It was too late to do anything that night, but at daybreak the next morning Boone and a party of men started out.

The trail of the Indians was almost invisible, for, after leaving the soft ground of the river, their moccasined feet left no imprint on the forest floor. But Boone knew the wilderness like a book. The dew brushed from a glossy leaf, a misplaced branch of a tree, a loose stone on the ground—all were his guides. And every little while he came upon torn bits of cloth, for, as the girls were hurried along through the forest by their captors, they managed to tear off little pieces of their dresses and let them fall along the way, to guide the men of Boonesborough who, they knew, would try to rescue them.

Sternly the men followed along the trail hour after hour. Toward evening of the second day they saw in an open space a thin line of smoke curling up through the air and they knew that they must be near the Indians' camp. Boone waited until night and then, with three picked companions, crawled toward the camp. The firelight showed the frightened girls huddled together at the foot of a tree, while nearby a group of Indians slept on the ground.

Inch by inch the men crawled nearer the girls. Then suddenly, at a signal from Boone, they sprang into the camp, yelling and shouting. The Indians were so taken by surprise that they fled into the forest, leaving their prisoners unharmed behind them.

Boone had many other adventures with the Indians. One day he set out alone in the forest to hunt. When he was returning four Indians suddenly sprang out from ambush and carried him off as prisoner to their camp. There he found more than a hundred warriors under Chief Blackfish.

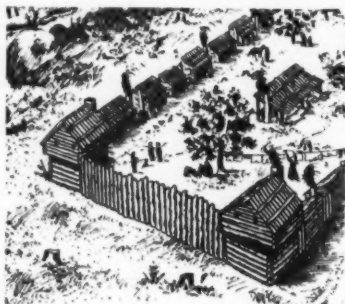
Blackfish decided to adopt Boone and make him a member of his tribe. As there was no way of escaping, Boone submitted. First he was taken to the river and scrubbed thoroughly. This was supposed to wash out all the white blood in him. Then all the hair was plucked from his head except a little tuft on the crown called the scalp

lock. This was dressed with ribbons and feathers. His face and body were painted, and he was dressed in Indian fashion. He was given silver bracelets and armlets. Then he was led to the council lodge where there was a great feast. Afterwards Blackfish, the chief, rose and made a speech:

"My son," he said, "you are now flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone. By the ceremony which has been performed every drop of white blood has been washed from your veins. You are taken into the Shawnee nation and initiated into a warlike tribe." Boone was then given an Indian name which meant Big Turtle.

Boone entered heartily into the life of the Indians. He took part in all their sports. He measured strength with them in their games. He engaged in shooting matches. He paddled canoes with them. He went with them on hunting expeditions, and often he went on hunting trips alone. The Indians had great respect for Boone. His ability as a hunter won their admiration. And Boone had real sympathy and understanding of the Indians. He realized how unjustly they were often treated by the white men. He always treated them fairly and so he won their regard.

When Boone had been with the Indians for about four months, he learned that they were planning an attack upon Boonesborough. Boone knew that Boonesborough was insufficiently



COURTESY THE FILSON CLUB

The Boonesborough fort

guarded and that its inmates were likely to be taken by surprise. In some way he must get back to the settlement and warn the people, but how? Though the Indians treated him kindly, they took care that he should not escape. He found that he was being carefully watched day and night. But not by word or deed did he show that he had anything in mind.

One morning Boone arose as usual and went out to hunt, and he did not return. He knew that he was taking his life in his hands to try to escape, but he thought only of the settlers, of the women and children. He struck out across country for Boonesborough, a hundred and sixty miles away. He traveled day and night, doubling and twisting on his tracks, scarcely allowing himself a moment for sleep or rest. He did not dare kindle a fire. He did not dare spend time searching for food.

At length he reached the Ohio River. How was he to get across? This thought was troubling him greatly when by great good luck he happened to see an old canoe drifting among the bushes at the shore. In it he crossed the river safely. Then for the first time he made a fire and feasted on wild turkey. It was the only meal he had during his flight of five days.

At last Boone staggered into Boonesborough, famished and exhausted. He was greeted as one who had risen from the dead, for the settlers had thought that he had been killed by the Indians.

Feverishly preparations were made for the defense of the settlement. The stockades were strengthened, provisions and game were collected, the cattle and horses were brought in, and water was carried from the river.

The Indians soon appeared before the fort and demanded its surrender, but forty picked riflemen from behind the stockade kept them at a

distance. They then began a siege and from every side kept up an incessant attack upon the settlers night and day. From behind rocks and trees and stumps they threw lighted torches and blazing arrows on the roofs of the cabins, but to the delight of the settlers the cabins were too damp from recent rains to catch fire. Then the Indians tried to dig a tunnel so that they could get under the stockade, but again the rain came to the aid of the settlers. The ground had become so soft that the tunnel caved in.

After many days of such vain efforts the Indians went away. This was their last attempt to capture Boonesborough.

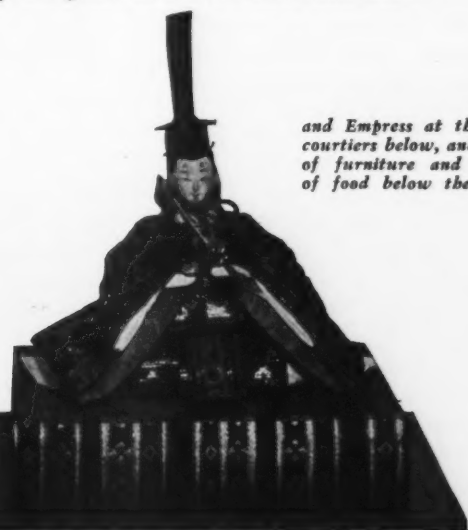
Boone lived on in Boonesborough for a long time. But as the years passed Kentucky changed rapidly. It was becoming a busy region with evergrowing settlements, and the old hunter began to long for newer, wilder country. The land beyond the Mississippi was just being explored, and hunters brought Boone glowing accounts of the new West with its abundance of game. So, in 1799, Boone and his family packed up and set out for the unsettled country beyond the Mississippi. Loading their horses and cattle and their household goods on a flatboat, they floated down the Ohio River, stopping at several river settlements on the way to greet old friends. When one of them asked Boone why, at his time of life, he was leaving his beloved Kentucky, he replied, "Too crowded! I want more elbow room!" In Missouri, the frontiersman made his last home.

Daniel Boone is one of the most widely known and best loved of our early pioneers. In his life story is told the story of hundreds of others, most of whom are unknown. These men who made little settlements all over the west, built up the great nation we have inherited.

At the doll festival for Japanese girls every year, the best dolls are arranged in rows, with the Emperor



and Empress at the top, courtiers below, and rows of furniture and dishes of food below them all.



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THE NEW CHAIRMAN

ONE day in February excitement ran like a flame through the corridors of National Headquarters of the American Red Cross in Washington. The new Chairman had telephoned that he wanted to come down and see the staff. No, he did not want all the personnel called together so he could make a speech to them. He said he "was not much on speaking." He just wanted to see them all and he would go to them. And so he did.

It took him two hours to go into every office and shake hands and speak with everyone. Of course, everybody was pleased by the visit. That gives you an idea of the kind of man who came on March 1 to begin his duties as Chairman of the American Red Cross. A few weeks before President Roosevelt had chosen Rear-Admiral Cary T. Grayson for this appointment.

Admiral Grayson was born in Virginia fifty-odd years ago. He attended William and Mary College, the second oldest college in the United States, and studied medicine at the University of the South, the Medical College of Virginia, and



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Admiral Grayson

the U. S. Naval Medical School. He was a doctor in the Navy and as a young man was a friend of President Theodore Roosevelt. He became special physician to President Wilson. In 1928 he retired from the Navy and went into private practice.

The late Chairman, Judge John Barton Payne, was one of his patients and a deeply admired friend as well. Admiral Grayson takes the leadership of the Red Cross seriously and as if it were a sort of trust from his friend.

THE PROGRAM PICTURE

ON THE banner of Lithuania is a knight on a galloping white horse. The knight goes back to a time when a Lithuanian horseman could gallop from the Baltic to the Black Sea through his own kingdom. Now Lithuania is small and poor and a republic. But like a plant that has been cut back, it is putting forth new shoots.

One of these shoots is a Junior Red Cross. At first the children who formed it had nothing to give, and did not see how they were going to be able to. The World War had isolated the little new country. Then they found something to do. The senior Red Cross helped them to that, when someone offered a vacation camp not far from Kaunas. Farmers drove their hay-carts into the capital and gathered up relays of children from half-underground homes in the poorer streets. They tumbled them out on grassy meadows around a large unpainted house that stood on the edge of a forest. In it there were dormitories, a general room, and a big kitchen. There were also half a hundred children and but few people to do the work.

Right there the Junior Red Cross began its existence in Lithuania. The boys brought wood and water and looked after the cows. The girls dressed the little ones, swept, made the beds, washed dishes.

Together all went berrying, and when they came in from the fields, these children who had known the poverty, the dirt, and confusion of war, laid bunches of buttercups and cornflowers on the white beds in the dormitories.

"Look," they said, "we are going to sleep in sheets. Think of it!"—A. M. U.



Tal almost loosed the arrow in his surprise

Tal, the Peacemaker

HERBERT BEST

Illustrations by Erick Berry

PART II

ARROW on box, knife loosened in its sheath ready for action, Tal waited, sniffing the heavy night air which was damp from the river.

The trampling continued. There was a faint odor, not goats, not quite of his own people, a little more acrid. Then . . .

He almost loosed the arrow in his surprise. Impossible! Where was their boat? Where were the other men, both white and native, who had gone upstream with them?

Coughing gently to catch their attention, calling a greeting, as is wise when you meet

strangers unexpectedly in the dark, Tal went forward to welcome the one worn and tattered white man and two natives.

One glance showed him their condition. No wonder they had made such a noise in approaching. A starving man stumbles with every stride and cares not where he plants his foot. They must have food immediately, and shelter. The little farm hut must suffice; the village would be unsafe now for a white man.

At the shelter he left them and hurried back to the *Sarakin Tsafi's* compound. Nasi had a little *tuo* left and would prepare more at once. Nor did she ask any question. Back again to the farm hut went Tal, carrying soft tanned skins,

two blankets of native cloth, and the food.

But before he would eat, the little grizzled white man spoke in Tal's own language, with difficulty, as an unskilled spinner makes thread, here thick and knotty, there thin or breaking altogether. But Tal caught the meaning.

On their return downstream, racing the falling waters which shrank faster than they had anticipated, the ship had struck a rock and all but ten had been lost in the night and the swirling river. Since then the ten had dwindled to three as they had been attacked and, being unarmed, had been unable to defend themselves.

The man was clearly unfit for travel. Even as he spoke, a plan was forming in the boy's mind. Konkrip, the threatening war, the care of this white man and his two followers, these problems were really one. If Nasi could be persuaded to bring food to these people for perhaps half a moon; and the white man were to remain here in hiding . . . then . . .

Amused, the little white man even improved on Tal's scheme. And that Tal might have proof to show, he handed over a round metal thing that ticked as though a beetle were in it, such as the boy had never seen before.

Nasi's reaction to the plan was characteristic. She said precisely nothing.

Tal set out for the south.

The army of perhaps a thousand native ranks and twenty white officers was simple enough for Tal to find. Its sentries were heavy-footed natives from the south, shod in the white man's manner, and had been easy to evade.

"A proud man, therefore seek him in the biggest tent," the little grizzled white man had said. And this was the biggest tent the boy could find. He scratched tentatively on the canvas and coughed.

There came a shout from within, and the running of sentries who seized the boy and tore from him his bow and arrows. Then the head of an angry white man thrust through the flap of the tent.

Tal showed the watch, now no longer ticking like a beetle, and was aware of sudden excitement. There followed the appearance of more white men than he had thought existed. At last an interpreter was found, and Tal, a stranger in an enemy camp, laid down his conditions for speech. His bow and arrows should be immediately restored.

One white man, the Proud One himself, and not more than fifty native soldiers should return with him if he wished to find the Little White Man alive. And the rest of the army must wait, advancing no further for fear of stirring up the

tribe. What he knew of the shipwreck he told, then waited for a decision.

To the hunter, the return journey was simple and uneventful. To the white man and strange natives it was the hardest sort of travel, since villages must be skirted at a distance, and no paths must be used for fear of leaving tracks of their white man's boots. The nights were now moonless, too, their sleep in the daytimes was troubled by heat, insects, hunger; for they marched on less than half rations. And always this thin native boy, who seemed to need neither food nor sleep, urged them to longer, swifter marches if they wished to arrive in time.

Then, one morning as darkness turned to dawn, the weary Proud One called his soldiers stiffly to their feet after a brief rest, in the market-place of Tal's own village. Villagers were issuing from their huts, hastily grabbing up such weapons as first came to hand.

"Word came to the white man's army that you sought war." By chance it was Konkrip, glaring and ill at ease, whom the Proud One addressed through an interpreter. "Lest the whole army be too much for a village to fight, I brought only a twentieth part of it. Say when you wish the battle to begin, for we wish to finish, and then eat."

"I . . ." Konkrip looked round him for support, but found none. "I have no wish to fight. Moreover I am without authority. Let the *Sarakin Tsafi* speak."

But the *Sarakin Tsafi*, already warned by Tal, was far from the village pouring libations to the skulls of his ancestors. The villagers, some armed, some carrying reaping knives, began to fill the little square. The fifty soldiers waited, as though on parade. A word or a blow would have set loose a blaze of rifle fire, a cloud of poisoned arrows. None dared say the word or strike the first blow. At this close range there could be no fight, only a terrible and mutual slaughter.

The deadlock was complete and exactly as Tal had planned.

Then someone, wearied of standing, sat down. Another followed. Soon the interested villagers, and even the troops were sitting on the ground.

In this position, Tal, followed by the Little White Man and his two natives, found them, unwilling to fight, unwilling to withdraw. By Tal's suggestion, they too sat down and waited, after the Proud One had made a strange gesture of hand to helmet and had spoken to the Little One in their curious singing language.

The scent of wood-fires began to arise from the surrounding huts, and then the delightful

odor of cooking food. Tal's mouth began to water, and he noticed that other villagers, though still grasping their weapons, began to glance over their shoulders. One of them rose to go, but Konkrip ordered him, sternly, to remain. "If we hunger, so also will they."

Women, impatient of the return of their lords, called from the doors of the huts. Receiving no reply, they started upon the tasks of the day, brushing out the huts, pounding corn in the clanging wooden mortars, grinding it. The sounds of the various occupations, even the songs which accompanied them, carried clearly to the market place and told the villagers that their breakfasts were growing cold, or—still more distressing thought—might be on the point of being thrown away. By now the light of the sun was full and the morning growing momentarily warmer. Birds would be descending in flocks upon the unguarded farms. Tal fancied he could pick out by their greater patience the few men who, like Konkrip, had already harvested.

The Proud One glanced at Tal as though to ask a question. Tal grinned agreement and the Proud One gave an order. Peacefully the men from the south opened the bags which hung upon their backs and producing food began to eat. They ate voraciously, for this was the last of their rations, saved only by going long ahungred. Each man drank from the bottle slung at his side, and smacked his lips at the taste of the refreshing water.

It was too much! Konkrip scowled as one by one his followers melted away; scowled, but sat on, hopefully. These strangers surely could not wait indefinitely. But such villagers as returned after an interval had eaten and were at peace. None came back with weapons; one even brought food and offered it to one of the soldiers.

At last Konkrip, the only armed villager remaining, stamped angrily out of the town.

The Little White Man rose and stretched. "Now that ugly-face has gone, we can get down to business, eh, Colonel McIntyre? Stack arms in the square and post sentries over them. Then let your men mix with the villagers and fraternize. We want friends, not enemies. Further north you may get a stomach full of fighting whether you want it or not."

"And after that, Sir John?" Colonel McIntyre asked the Little White Man.

"After your men have rested, set them to help with the harvest. It's the best outward and visible sign of good intention that I can think of. And by the way, let them start with the farm of your guide, whose name I've discovered is 'Tal' and who is the next in line for the chieftainship of the whole tribe. He has saved us scores of casualties, and his own tribe rather more. The whole scheme was his. I'd like him on my staff but doubt if it would be fair to take him from his tribe."

"And I, Sir John?"

"In a week's time, when our good intentions are clear to the dullest villager, you can send for your officers and men. In the meantime, you'll be rather at a loose end."

Sir John turned to confer with Tal in the native language, then glanced round the market-place, now empty except for themselves and the two sentries. "Our friend here says he can furnish us with two native pipes and unlimited tobacco. So I suggest that we go down to the farm with him, and study one who is a practical psychologist with an inborn understanding of human nature, and a perfect flair for situations."

Colonel McIntyre knew more of soldiering than of psychology. "You mean Tal?" he asked.



Peacefully the men from the south began to eat

Correspondents of the Southwest

THE FIFTH grade in the government day school at Zuñi, New Mexico, sent an account of life in their village to a school in Portland, Oregon. Here are some of their letters:

WE go to the Zuñi Day School. It is in the Zuñi village. It is a government school. Some government schools are boarding schools. This school is called a day school because we stay home at night.

There are six grades in our school. There are four school rooms. We have domestic science, too. The domestic science hall is built like a Zuñi house. There is a carpenter shop. The boys work there. They make toys and tables and picture frames and other things. There is a big auditorium.

There is a bath house. The school children bathe there. The Zuñi men and women come to bathe on Mondays and Fridays.

The Zuñi Indians live in adobe houses. They are made of sun-dried bricks. The women mix the mud and put it in little boxes to dry. The houses are flat on the ground. In the inside there are fireplaces. The walls are white. Whenever the walls get dirty the women have to whitewash them with rabbit-skin brushes. They get the white clay from the hills.

The Zuñis are farmers. They plow their fields. They plant corn, wheat, and alfalfa. The Zuñis have gardens, too. It is dry here; so we have to irrigate. We irrigate our farms with the water in the lake. We have to clean up our big ditches. Then we irrigate our farms. The government built a dam in 1908 to make a reservoir from which to irrigate.

Almost all the Zuñi people have sheep. They shear their sheep each spring. There are many lambs in lambing time. Some lambs get tired and can't walk far. Then we have to pick them up and take them home. When school closes, all the schoolboys go to the sheep camp. It is much fun to stay in the camp. We take the sheep down to the valley to feed them. At about ten o'clock, when it is hot, they all go to the camp to

take a rest under the trees. They go to eat again when it is cool. When the sun sets, we take them up to the camp again.

The Spaniards discovered Zuñi in 1539. The largest Zuñi village was called Hawikuh. It is about sixteen miles west from the Zuñi village. It is in ruins.

Marcos was the first man to see Zuñi. He was a Spanish priest. The Spanish governor at Mexico City sent him to look for the "Seven Cities of Cibola." Someone had told the white men that there was much gold in those cities.

Marcos had a Negro guide named Stephen. Stephen was one of deVaca's men who were shipwrecked on the coast of Texas. Only four were saved. They wandered for seven years through Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California, and then to Mexico City. They lived among the Indians. Some of the Indians told them about some Indians that lived in houses. When they reached Mexico City, they told these stories. They thought these were the "Seven Cities of Cibola." That is why Stephen was sent with Marcos to find them.

Marcos had some Indian guides, too. Stephen went ahead. He left signs for Marcos to follow. When Stephen reached Hawikuh he went into the village. The Zuñi killed him. Marcos arrived a few days later, but he did not go into the village. He stood on top of a hill and saw the village. It shone in the sun. The houses had many stories. He saw the people wearing turquoise. Then he returned to Mexico City. He told the governor that he had found the cities.

The next year in 1540 Coronado led an expedition to find the Seven Cities of Cibola. He had many soldiers, horses, and guns. When he reached Hawikuh, he made war upon the Zuñis.

All the women and the children went inside and the men stood on the housetops. They shot arrows and threw stones. Coronado and his soldiers fought with guns. The Spaniards won the battle. Coronado did not find gold.



Oklahoma Indians planting grass on a dam built to prevent gullying, as part of the Indians' soil-saving program

His soldiers were very hungry; so he took food from the village. Then he went on to other Indian villages but did not find any gold there. He wandered for two years over the Southwest and then returned to Mexico City.

A NAVAJO girl at the Indian school in Tuba City, Arizona, describes the hogan for a school in Bristol, Tennessee:

WE BUILD our hogans of cedar wood or cottonwood trees and sand. Sometimes we use mud to hold them together. The hogan is built where the ground is level, and it is made round. In the summer when it is hot we just make a shelter of branches. The inside of the hogan is small. In the middle is the fireplace. A large hole is left at the top for the smoke to go out. A door is put in facing the east. We pile boxes on top of each other for shelves for dishes and food. Inside there is a place to weave rugs. Some of the old women make pottery. We use sheepskins on the floor for seats. Some hogans are made square and are built with mud and logs of pine wood and cedar wood that are nice and straight. These sometimes have two rooms. The true Navajo hogan, however, has but one room.

DANCES, which are really prayers for rain or for healing the sick, are an important part of the life of the Indians of Arizona and New Mexico. This description of Navajo dances was sent in an album from the Indian boarding school at Toadlena, New Mexico, to a school in Honolulu:

NAVAJOS have the fire dance on their reservation. They have these dances because someone is sick. They try to make him get well. Navajos have these dances in the winter or fall. The dancing lasts nine days and nine nights. Four days before the dance starts, the man who is paying for the dance calls in the messengers. These men paint their bodies with clay and wear moccasins and G strings. They carry the message, a handful of corn meal, to all the medicine men who are to come to the dance. In four days these medicine men come to the place where the dance is to be.

The men cut cedar trees for a corral. Inside this big corral it is nice and smooth. There is a place for the people to sit and a place for the dancers. In the middle there is a big fire for the

the dancers. Just inside the cedar fence there are many small fires for the people who come to the dance.

During the day the medicine men make sand paintings in the hogan for the sick person. In the night time they sing and dance.

In the ceremony there are several kinds of dances. Each medicine man has his own dancers and puts on a special dance. One dance is the "Day and Night" dance. There are two dancers for it. One is painted white and the other is painted black.

Another dance is the "Feather Dance." The dancer has on a G string and feathers. A medicine man puts the feather in a basket. The medicine men sit around in the ground and sing while the man dances up and down. He keeps his eyes on the feather. The feather dances just as he does. It is a very nice dance.



Her "squash-blossom" bead-dress shows that this Hopi girl is unmarried

AN EIGHTH grade girl in the Methodist Indian Mission School, Farmington, New Mexico, tells correspondents in a Memphis school about her life at home on the Navajo reservation:

I AM a full-blooded Navajo girl. I live in a big canyon. The canyon is called Sil-ni-sah, which means "Big Mountains" in English. There are a few cottonwood trees and many cedars and pine trees in the canyon. I like to live there.

We have some log houses and hogans which we live in. My parents live there in the winter while I am in school. The hogans are warm. Most of the Navajos like

to live in them.

When I am home during vacation in the summer, I help my mother card and spin wool to get it ready to weave. We use red, black, white, brown, and sometimes tan dyes. Most of the weavers use those colors, too, and make pretty designs.

We have some sheep and goats, and horses, too. But I don't herd them as other Navajo boys and girls do. Instead of herding sheep I help take care of the home. I wash dishes and do the cooking while my mother is weaving. I have a little sister and brother. They do the herding. My big brother takes care of the horses, while my father works in the garden.

We are happy at our home.



Members of the fifth grade of Oquirrh School, Salt Lake City, who gave the play "May Baskets for the World's Front Door" on World Good Will Day, May 18th, of last year. Children in various national costumes presented May baskets to the World. A Maypole dance closed the play. Mimeographed copies may be had by writing to National or Branch Headquarters.

Uncle Sam's Juniors

EVERY year at Easter time the kindergartens of public schools in Boston, Massachusetts, make boxes to amuse sick children in the hospitals. One teacher brought out a plain white box and suggested making a circus and a Maypole dance to go into it. The children cut out dolls and dressed them in gayly colored envelope linings so that they would be all ready to join in the Maypole dance. A Maypole was found, painted, and fitted into a small block. It was decorated with green and white streamers of crêpe paper to which the dolls were attached with little loops of thread. It was then set up in the cover of the box and painted green.

The circus, set up in the bottom of the box, had both entrance and exit doors, a ticket office with tickets, seats with numbers, a fair-sized audience of paper dolls, and a wonderful assortment of jointed animals and clowns.

Other boxes were

turned into doll houses, with curtains, rugs, furniture, and even a family.

Easter bunnies were the most popular animals, with chickens coming a close second. One bunny marched along holding pussywillows in his front paws. A mother duck and six ducklings were floating on a blue paper pool in one of the boxes; in another was a cart made of a strawberry box, with a donkey to pull it.

One hospital responded with this letter:

We all thank you very much for the lovely things received from you at Easter time. We wish you could have been there while the nurses pasted up the ducks, bunnies, little chickens, and other cut-out animals on the glass windows between every bed. One would call out, "Oh, see mine!" Then another would say, "Oh, look at mine." The nurses put those things up Saturday afternoon. Then on Easter morning the gifts, eggs, and little dolls, were put on the breakfast trays, with more howls of delight as each child found his special gift. Again we thank you and also wish to say that we think you are very smart children.



Members of the Orogrande School mentioned in the News last month, with toys made from discarded inner tubes, which they sold. Part of the money went for a school First-Aid kit

FIVE Juniors from the South Shelby School, Shelby, North Carolina, took forty-five dolls to the crippled children in the Orthopedic Hospital in Gastonia, North Carolina. The Juniors were shown the play and work rooms of the hospital and admired the rugs, pillow tops, doll furniture, and many other things that the crippled children had made. The Juniors asked the superintendent what else they could do for the hospital, and she said that she would very much like to have them make bibs for the smaller children to wear.

JUNIORS of Grade 5A, New Hartford School, Utica, New York, built a Hopi village for their school exhibit. Down on the floor in a corner they built a little corn field with two Indians working in it. They wrote articles to explain their work:

We were studying the western states, and the Hopi Indians fitted right in with our geography. We had read stories of the Hopi Indians. Miss Gage brought to our room an Indian exhibit. She showed us many things she got while visiting the Hopi. Then we made bowls, rattles, rugs, and decided we would make a pueblo. Fitting the boxes together and painting them was great fun. We made several ladders going from one building in the pueblo to another. Next we made the mesa to put the pueblo on, and made our background of colored chalk. At the foot of the mesa we built a garden of corn and melon vines. We took the pictures from the Junior Red Cross PROGRAM and got many ideas out of the Junior Red Cross magazine.

THE Willows School, of Willows, California, told friends in Estonia how the business men of Willows decided to give a lamb derby and a pet parade. The purpose of the celebration was to advertise the sheep-raising industry, which is one of the chief industries of their county.

The event of the day was the pet parade. Each boy and girl who was in the parade was treated to an ice cream cone. After the parade the sheep judges decided on the healthiest and fattest sheep. Everybody had a lunch at the park where the high-school band played.

The pet parade was held about eleven o'clock in the morning. The pets were put on leashes, in cages, wagons, and baby buggies, and even carried. All were decorated. The children were dressed in costumes. The children were from the grammar schools of Glenn County.

The sheep-shearing contest was one of the most exciting of the day. The best record was one minute and forty-five seconds. Most of the sheep were sheared in about two minutes and fifty-five seconds.

A lamb race was held in front of the hotel. The sheep were lined up across the street. The boys and some men chased the sheep across the goal line. The sheep that got there first won.

EASTER favors were sent by Juniors in St. Joseph's Parochial School, Belle Isle School and Saintsville School of the Syracuse, New York, Chapter to a veterans' hospital. They also sent Easter baskets, toys, window transparencies and fresh eggs to sick children. Thirty plants were sent to child patients in a tuberculosis sanitarium.

JUNIORS of Claxton School, Buncombe County, North Carolina, sent twenty toys to one of the veterans' hospitals for the men to send home to their children for Easter, and two hundred and five stamped Easter cards. Other schools in the county also made generous gifts, including many flowers and a collection of butterflies and cocoons. These Juniors also sent Easter gifts and favors to a children's home.

APRIL fourteenth is Pan American day, and the Pan American Union in Washington has prepared special material available for those who are planning a celebration. Sources of material include a special issue of the Union's *Bulletin*, devoted to such topics as history and art, economics and international conferences.

As April fourteenth falls on a Sunday this year, many groups will find it convenient to observe either the following or the preceding day.



These Seminole Indian boys and girls from the school at Dania, Florida, took Easter eggs to the hospital

THE Bluebird Junior Red Cross Branch, Dubuc, Saskatchewan, writes:

A friend who is much interested in the cause of crippled children offered to hook a rug for us to sell if we could supply some old woolens. We at once commenced hunting up all the old woolen things we had, and another friend gave us a nice bundle of woolens sufficient to finish the rug. We then washed a coarse sugar sack to furnish the foundation, and one evening the director and nine members sallied forth across the prairie in search of goldenrod blooms with which to make a dye for some of the natural-colored woolens. As it was late in the season, these were rather past their best, but we each brought home a large armful of bloom which supplied a nice buff-yellow dye. Then, when boiling beets for dinner we found we had a deep-colored liquid, and on experimenting with it, we got a nice deep old rose dye. Onion skins gave a pretty brown.

When the rug was finished the members were grouped into teams of four with a captain for each one and took turns in selling tickets at ten cents each on it. We sold it for ten dollars. The lady who got it is so pleased with the rug that she has given us enough woolens to make another.

ON THE occasion of the Junior Red Cross Conference held in the Province of Sind, India, Juniors gave a health play for the delegates, entitled "A Visit in Fairyland." The heroine is a little girl threatened with tuberculosis. She escapes to Fairyland where the Court becomes interested in her. The good fairies, Pure Air, Sunshine, Sleep, Good Posture, Good Food, escort the little girl and go to the help of the Juniors who are trying to keep their promise to defend the chil-

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English Juniors taking fresh Easter eggs to a Welfare Center

Juniors In Other Lands

dren of the earth against this terrible disease.

Another group at Jakhali destroyed fifty thousand sugar-cane pests and saved the crop. During the recent floods they helped remove property from flooded houses and saved several children from drowning. They distributed food to the sufferers and collaborated with the public health staff in the treatment of malaria cases that followed the flood.

AT THE end of the school year, the work done by all the Juniors of the district of Kovatchitsa, Yugo-

slavia, was collected to be exhibited in the village of Debeliatcha. Thirty-five hundred Juniors from all parts of the district went to Debeliatcha, with their Red Cross badges and flags. The parents and teachers were there also.

A long procession to the school was organized. Telegrams were sent to the king, to the minister of public instruction, and to the governor of the province. The inspector of schools made a speech on the Red Cross. Afterwards, the Juniors gave a play. The members of the Red Cross central committee attended this ceremony and were much pleased with it.

The exhibition lasted a week and was visited by ten thousand people, who admired it exceedingly.

Another Yugoslav school, at Pirot, decided to take advantage of "fruit week" held in October, to prepare jam for their school canteen. The manager of the nursery garden gave them



Japanese Juniors doing a toothbrush drill at school

plums. The owner of the café lent them a big pot. On October twenty-sixth the work commenced, amidst song and laughter. Certain Juniors told stories of their childhood to amuse everybody.

The kindergarten Juniors of Bania-Luka fulfill their duties seriously. They have installed a school canteen and a "food depot." They make collections. They go often to the playgrounds and the public baths, they grow flowers, help their needy friends, and arrange exhibitions and parades.

FOUR young volunteer workers, of Victoria, Australia, who continue to serve the Red Cross after leaving school, under the name of "associate members" report their activities. One helps an old lady by bringing her cows in for her. Two sisters have three hens and give their eggs to a sick man; their brother has a fine vegetable garden and sells the produce to raise funds.

THE Juniors of a little island, Saturna Island, part of Canada, composed for their English friends an album in which is found the history of this island written by the grandson of the first white woman who landed there:

Saturna Island was one of the earliest inhabited islands of our group. It was named after a ship of the Spanish explorers. The first white man, Charles Trueworthy, came to Saturna Island about the year 1864. At that time the Indians were still not friendly, and the houses had loopholes in them to fire through. There are now about ninety people here, living on small farms.

One section of the album is devoted to fishing, another section to Red Cross activities.



Czechoslovakian Juniors studying First Aid

STUDENTS of the Third Primary School, Preveza, Greece, wrote to thank Juniors in Oakville School, Oakville, Tennessee, for an album:

We have a beautiful school garden where we spend most of our free time attending to its pretty flowers. On May Day we make a big floral wreath which we hang on the front door of our school. We also make bouquets and sell them to reinforce

the funds of our Junior Red Cross group. In a corner of our plot there is a nursery garden.

Our school year is divided into two terms. The first, from the fifteenth of September to Christmas, when we close for two weeks' holidays; and the second, from the eighth of January till the end of June. At the middle of the second term we have a fortnight's vacation for Easter.

We make many excursions to the near villages in order to get acquainted with the other Juniors. We are much interested in the Junior Red Cross work and we do our best to perform our task. We read the Junior Red Cross magazine from which we learn what our comrades in other countries are doing.

IN response to gifts sent by Juniors all over the world for the exhibit of the International Red Cross Conference in Tokyo, the Japanese Junior Red Cross has sent seventeen albums

and a great many charming gifts to America. One of these was a bronze tea kettle with a brass stand in a mahogany container sent to the High School of Commerce, Springfield, Massachusetts. Puppets and fans were among the things sent to public schools in Passaic, New Jersey. There was more than one silkworm exhibit. The Junior Red Cross traveling exhibits had additions of such varied things as a doll's china tea set, a box of sea shells, and beautiful battledores with padded silk backs. There were pretty dancing figurines, too.

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Illustrations by Flavia Gág

Easter Gifts

AN OLD GERMAN
STORY

AS EASTER drew near, the mothers in a little village on the edge of the Black Forest in Germany became very sad. Each day, as Easter came nearer, they became sadder, for this year they were so poor they could not buy Easter gifts for their children.

"The poor dear little ones," the mothers said to the fathers. "If we can not give them new gifts, how will they know that Easter is the one time, above all others, when people should be glad and things be new again?"

The fathers shook their heads sadly and said, "Perhaps before the day comes, we may be able to sell some wood."

But the truth was they were not very hopeful, for every father of the village had tried to sell his winter's cutting of wood, and had failed.

At last Good Friday came, and both the fathers and the mothers of the village were so filled with grief that they could not keep the tears from their eyes. Every time they saw their children at play they would shake their heads and say, "Poor little ones, they will be so sad."

On the day before Easter day, one of the fathers thought of an idea, as he walked to

the forest to cut wood. If the children were to walk in the forest, they would know that Easter was a glad, new time. The forest flowers were in fresh bloom, tender violets and hepaticas, and saucy yellow daisies, and tall white and red lilies. The trees were bursting into fresh, new leaf, and the birds were singing as they made their nests.

"We'll bring the children to walk in the forest," he said to himself, "and when they see the flowers and the soft green leaves and hear the birds singing, they will know that Easter is the glad time of the year."

He put his ax down beside the tree he was chopping and hurried to another part of the forest to tell his plan to the other fathers. They liked it as much as he did, and at sundown they went home smiling and happy.

Now, when the fathers were at work in the forest, the mothers went to market. While they were there, one of the mothers had an idea.

"At least we have eggs and to spare; why not color eggs," she said to herself, "make them the colors of bright fresh new spring flowers and give them to our children for Easter gifts?"

She told her idea to the other mothers, and they said, "It's a lovely idea. We'll do it."

So all the afternoon, as the children played in the gardens, the mothers colored eggs, bright blue, the color of violets, and delicate purple, the color of hepaticas, and yellow like the daisies and red like lilies and green like the leaves of the trees.

When the fathers came home, smiling and happy, they found the mothers smiling and happy, too.

"We have such a wonderful plan," the fathers said to the mothers.

"So have we," the mothers said to the fathers.

So the fathers told their plan to the mothers, and the mothers told their plan to the fathers. The fathers liked the mothers' plan, and the mothers liked the fathers' plan.

They could not decide which plan to follow until at last one father said, "We'll follow both plans. You finish coloring the eggs, and then we will take them to the forest and put them into nests. Tomorrow we'll take the children to walk in the forest, and they will have a glad Easter surprise, when they find nests of bright eggs under the trees."

On Easter morning the fathers and the



The fathers and the mothers of the village were filled with grief

mothers went to walk with their children in the forest. But the rabbits were there before them. A rabbit with big ears and long whiskers, dressed in a new spring coat of soft brown, was standing beside each nest.

"Oh, look at the rabbits! Oh, and see the pretty eggs!" the children cried. "The rabbits have brought them for us, they have! They have! Oh, the dear, dear bunnies!"

The fathers and the mothers looked at one another and laughed when they heard what the children said. But they did not tell them that the eggs were as big a surprise to the rabbits as they were to them. No, indeed, they did not tell them. They let them think that the rabbits had brought the eggs, and every year after that the mothers colored eggs for Easter, and the fathers put rabbits by the nests.





INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

SPRING FESTIVAL IN ZURICH

The people of Zurich in Switzerland celebrate the passing of winter with a unique and ancient festival. It always comes on a Monday in April, and is called the "six o'clock ringing feast," because all the bells in the town ring at six o'clock in the evening. The children wear country dress or fancy costumes. The guilds, too, get out the banners and costumes of their trades, and all together they march through the streets. The climax comes when an effigy of Winter is brought out and burned. The day ends with lights moving about the bridges and arcades of the old town, as the guild members go with their lanterns to pay visits.

